MAY BE SHE IS UNDER THAT SHOW

BAA-BAA.

SPRING ?

WHERE IS

MAY BE SHE IS

SNOW BOUND

of kin' would it be an imposition to ask you to take a friendly interest in me—a sort of—oh, well, a little make-believe solicitude to hearten me up and hoest me over the rough spots, as it were—to prop my spineless, jelly-fish temperament."

She put up her hand quickly.

"Oh" she said, "but it wen't be make believe in the needing mandrake umbrellas.

The Spring Lady Looking for Spring

The Romance of a New York Girl Who Made a Strange Experiment.

By Mary Brecht Pulver

Now York woman subdenly grows used of a, of society and of the man who boves her, times away from a list per like and take the per like and take the witnesses the miracle of springitume, we are witnesses the miracle of springitume, tilisages ususmane her "The Spring Lady, make many conjectures as to her instant in the many conjectures are the many conjectures as to her instant in the many conjectures are the many conjectures as to her instant in the many conjectures are the many conjectures as to her instant in the many conjectures are the many conjectures as to her instant in the many conjectures as to her instant in the many conjectures are the many conjectures. The many conjectures are the many conjectures are the many conjectures as to her instant in the many conjectures are the many conjectures. The many conjectures are the many conjectures. The many conjectures are the many conjectures are the many conjectures are the many conjectures are the many conjectures. The many conjectures are the many conjectures SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS,

CHAPTER IX.

From Her Journal.

usual original question.

Robbie," his mother said quickly, then he added, "I'se a lub-baby." "You surely are," I laughed, "a

sweet, lovely baby." "A lub-baby," he repeated firmly. "Ain't dot no pop. Boys cail it."

"How dare they?" I cried. "Why least of all a Sweethilla girl, might should they—a dear cunning thing feel honored if Paul asked her"—"I—I wasn't laushing at the honor," the that"—

Anther and the transfer of the state of the "It hasn't gone off much. I always

"Marting has done very well," she said with a fourh of patrons. "Sometimes I think I'm foolish to From Her Journal. there—under the circumstances. But of course she is cheap—and she'd target and the hardly darg raise her price. I supcame to terms directly, pose Paul Richter will come to-night. She's to come up and sew The only man, as usual, in a dress She's to come up and sew three days next week—and ling only one dress suit in the whole

"Aren't you going to tell me your Ashe will be there. Did she say any-name?" I asked, beginning with the thing yesterday?"

"She said she had been invited,"

here. Amy Richter was my best friend—and some nice girl would keep him here— Has she said anything about Paul to you?"
"Only that she thought him quite handsome"—

What does he mean?" I asked.

His mother's anguished face should ave told me.

She answered in a low, trembling pice, "The boys aren't kind to him.

"Aha! who knows?—it may be the beginning—I used to think it might be you and Paul!—
"Mercy," laughed Cynthia, "what made you think so?"

Mrs. Storfeld so?

The state of the s

By Maurice Ketten

WATCHFUL WAITING FOR

SPRING

DETECTIVES

LOOKING . . FOR SPRING

Did You Ever Hear of Any One Telegraphing With a Fan?

Dead Man's Rock

By Quiller-Couch. Next Week's Complete Novel in The Evening World

and a gripping power that can never die. It is mighty well worth your reading or re-reading

Cynthia's face against the doorway, the turn of her head.

A timid moon had broken through a scurry of purple clouds, and a night wind, restless as quicksliver, blew down the valley.

"It's bad for you," the girl said. "you ought to stay indoors by the firs these keen nights. The days are all right—when the sun's bright and warm—but it's always sharp in the spring when the sun goes down—

"Everything seems to be bad for me—that one really wants to do," he said huskily.

"But you want to get well," she said doubtfully:

"I don't know," he said doubtfully:

"I don't know," he said doubtfully:
"I do if the route isn't too sliff."
"But you must think of others—the people who care and who want you to"—
He was slient a moment, booking up at the silver and purple of the silv.

at the silver and purple of the sky.

"In that case it's hardly worth the undergrowth a spring bubbled up effort," he said quietly. "You see, it happens that there's no one to care."

"The was sheart and purple of the sky.

"In the woodand, where in the lust undergrowth a spring bubbled up and strong that lost it is not in a rich clump of vivid skunif cabbage and slepder iris."

"Cynthia," he said, "I'd like to ask you something. It may sound rideuyou something. It may sound rideu-lous, but it means a great deal to me. In the absence of my imaginary next like patches of emerald pinch.

The child ran ahead saughing and

I MAYE A DATE

HANE YOU SEEN

SHE MAY HAVE SLIPPED ON THE ICE AND BROKEN

HER LEGS -

bring her baby.

He stood at my chair solemn as a tiny owl, in his little blue rompers, the we talked.

Ing only one town."

"Paul has a visitor. Perhaps he will wear one," comforted Cynthia.

"I saw him yesterday—he doesn't look like the kind. I suppose Miss look like the kind.

"She said she had been invited, answered Cynthia.

"Why, yez, dear—your name's "Quite likely she will come. I wish—she's a very distinguished-looking girl. If we knew more about her:

"Dot no name," he repeated firmly, hen he added. "I'se a lub-baby."

he answered in a low, trembling to the boys aren't kind to him, are tease him and call him names—if don't know what to do—but it this fault," she cried passion—this. The Richters were one of our first families—and any young woman,